Double Tex

The name comes from his raw aspects, but he is oddly meticulous at times, sipping his tea and daubing his lips with great care.

“You drink like a lady,” I told him.

“Came from one.”

That gives you his cryptic flavor, but it’s his daily exit line cracks me up.

He handles all the waterboarding (with a mysterious hooded giant materializing at the appointed time) and always departs the cafeteria by saying “Well, time to wet a spick’s whistle.”